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"With Heaviest Sound a Giant Statue Fell."

So fell our Statesman, for he stood sublime
On that proud pedestal, a people's heart,
As when some image, through the touch of time,
That long was reverenced in the public mart,
Or some tall clock-tower that was wont to tell
The hour of duty to the young and olden
With tongue most musical of every bell,
Bends to its base and is no more beholden.
So fell our Everett; more like some great elm
Lord of the grove—but something set apart—
That all the tempests could not overwhelm,
Nor all the winters of its seventy years,
But on some peaceful midnight burst his heart,
And in the morning men behold the wreck,
(Some with grey hairs who cannot hold their tears,)
But in the giant timber find no speck
Nor unsound spot, but only wholesome wood;
No secret worm consuming at the core
The stem that ever seemed so fair and good;
And aged men that knew this tree of yore
When but a sapling, promising full well,
Say to each other, this majestic plant
Came to full growth: it made no idle vaunt;
From its own weight, without a flaw it fell.

T. W. P.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.
The First Opera.

A NOVELETTE OF THE PAST (1555).

Translated from the French of HECTOR BERLIOZ
by KATHARINE FRANCES M. RAYMOND.

(Concluded from page 379.)

BENVENUTO CELLINI TO ALFONSO DELLA VIOLA.

Paris, June 10, 1557.

Wretch! College-scout! Merry-Andrew! Mountebank! Flute-player!* Was it worth while to cry so loudly, to breathe forth so much flame, to howl about insult and revenge, rage and outrage, to invoke hell and heaven, and finally to arrive at so vulgar a conclusion? Mean and impotent mind! Was it for you to utter such threats, while your resentment was of so weak a nature, that, scarcely two years after having received the insult, you kneel like a coward to kiss the hand that inflicted it upon you?

What! Neither the promise you made to me, nor the eyes of Europe fixed upon you, nor your own dignity as a man and an artist, were able to preserve you from the seductions of a court, where reign intrigue, avarice, and dishonesty!—a court where you were disgraced, despised; from which you were driven like a faithless varlet! Is it true, then? you compose for the grand-duke! It is even said that there is a vaster and bolder work in question, than any you have hitherto produced. The whole of musical Italy is to take part in the festival. They are arranging the gardens of the Pitti palace; five hundred expert virtuosos, united under your direction, in a vast and splendid pavilion decorated by Michael Angelo, will pour the waves of your splendid harmony over a panting, delighted, enthusiastic people. It is admirable! And all this for the grand-

duke, for Florence, for the man and the town that treated you so unworthily! Oh! what ridiculous faith was mine when I strove to calm your anger of a day! Oh! the miraculous simplicity that made me preach continence to the eunuch, slowness to the snail! Fool that I was!

But what powerful passion has brought you to such a degree of baseness? The thirst for gold? You are richer than I am, now. The love of fame? What name was ever more popular than that of Alfonso, since the prodigious success of your tragedy of Francesca, and that, no less great, of the other three lyric dramas that followed it? Besides, what has prevented you from choosing another capital as the theatre of your new triumph? No sovereign would have refused you what the great Cosimo has just offered you. Your songs are now loved and admired everywhere; they resound from one end of Europe to the other; they are heard in town, at court, in the army, at church; king Francis is never tired of repeating them; Madame d'Etampes herself thinks you are not without talent for an Italian; the women, the priests especially, universally profess a real worship of your music; and if you had chosen to carry to the Romans the work you are preparing for the Tuscan, the joy of the pope, the cardinals, and the whole ant-hill of Monsignori would only have been surpassed by the frenzy, the transports of their fair friends.

Perhaps pride has seduced you—or some puffed up dignity—some vain title—but I lose myself in conjectures.

Whatever it may be, remember this; you have been found wanting in nobility, pride, and good faith. The man, the artist, and the friend have equally fallen in my eyes. I only accord my friendship to upright people, incapable of a disgraceful action; you are not one of these; my friendship is therefore not for you. I gave you money, you chose to return it to me; we are now quits. I am about to leave Paris; in a month I shall pass through Florence; forget that you have known me, and do not seek to meet me. For even though it were on the day of your success before the people, the princes, and the (to me) far more imposing assemblage of your five hundred artists, should you accost me, I would turn my back upon you.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

ALFONSO TO BENVENUTO.

Florence, June 25, 1557.

Yes, Cellini, it is true. To the grand-duke I owe an unpardonable humiliation; to you I owe my celebrity, my fortune, perhaps my life. I swore to revenge myself upon him, and I have not done so. I promised you that I would neither accept labor or honor at his hand; and I have not kept my word. It was at Ferrara that "Francesca" was heard (thanks to you), and applauded for the first time; at Florence it was treated as a work devoid of sense or reason. And yet Ferrara, that asked my new composition

from me, has not obtained it, while I offer it as homage to the grand-duke. Yes, the Tuscans, formerly so disdainful in regard to me, rejoice at the preference I accord to them; they are proud of it; their fanaticism for me far surpasses all you have told me of that of the French.

A real emigration is commencing among the greater part of the Tuscan towns. The Pisans and the Siennese, forgetting their old hatred, implore in advance, for the great day, Florentine hospitality. Cosimo, delighted at the success of him he calls *his artist*, finds brilliant hopes on the results which the drawing together of three rival populations may have for his politics and government. He loads me with flattery and kindness. Yesterday, he gave, in my honor, a magnificent collation at the Pitti palace, at which all the noble families in the town were present. The beautiful countess of Valombrosa was lavish of her sweetest smiles to me. The grand-duchess did me the honor of singing a madrigal with me. Della Viola is the man of the day, the man of Florence, the grand duke's man; there is no one save him.

I am very guilty, very contemptible, very mean, is it not so? Well, Cellini, if you pass through Florence on the 28th of next July, wait for me from eight to nine o'clock in the evening before the Baptistry gate, and I will seek for you there. And if, in the very first words I utter, I do not completely justify myself from all the crimes with which you reproach me, if I do not give you an explanation of my conduct with which you may confess yourself perfectly satisfied, then redouble your contempt, treat me as the worst of men, tread me under foot, strike me with your whip, spit in my face, and I will acknowledge in advance that I deserve it all. Until then, preserve your friendship for me; you will soon find that I was never more worthy of it.

Ever yours,

ALFONSO DELLA VIOLA.

On the evening of the 28th of July, a tall man, of gloomy and discontented appearance, directed his steps through the streets of Florence, towards the Place of the Grand-duke. Arrived in front of the bronze statue of Perseus, he paused, and looked at it for some time in deep thought: the stranger was Benvenuto. Although the answer and the protestations of Alfonso had made but a slight impression on his mind, a sincere and lively friendship had so long united him to the young composer, that it was impossible for a few days to efface it forever. Besides, he felt that he had not courage enough to refuse to hear what Alfonso might have to allege in his defence; and it was while on his way to the Baptistry, where Alfonso was to join him, that Cellini desired to see once more, after a long absence, the masterpiece that had once cost him so much fatigue and chagrin. The Place and the adjoining streets were deserted; the most profound silence reigned in this quarter, usually so noisy and populous. The artist contemplated his immortal work, ask-

* It is well known that Cellini professed a strong dislike to this instrument.

ing himself whether obscurity and an ordinary intellect would not have been better for him than glory and genius.

"Why am I not an ox-hegdsman of Nettuno or Porto d' Anzio?" thought he; "like the animals confided to my care, I should have had a coarse and monotonous existence, but sheltered, at least, from the agitations that have tormented my life since childhood. Perfidious and jealous rivals—unjust or ungrateful princes—implacable critics—stupid flatterers—incessant alternations of successes and reverses, splendor and misery—excessive and always renewed labor—no repose, no comfort, no leisure—using one's body like a mercenary, and ever feeling one's soul burnt or paralysed—is this living?"

The noisy exclamations of three young artisans, who rapidly emerged on the Place, interrupted his meditation.

"Six florins! 'tis dear!" said one.

"And if he had asked ten," said another, "we should have had to submit to it. Those cursed Pisans have taken all the places. Besides, think, Antonio, the gardener's house is not ten steps from the pavilion; seated on the roof, we shall be able to hear and see wonderfully well; the door of the little underground canal will be open, and we shall enter without difficulty."

"Bah!" added a third, "to hear that, we can well afford to fast for some weeks afterwards. You know what an effect the rehearsal produced yesterday. Only the court was admitted to it; the grand-duke and his suite never ceased applauding; the executants carried della Viola in triumph, and finally, in her ecstasy, the Countess of Vallombrosa embraced him; it must be wonderful."

"See how empty the streets are already; all the town is already assembled at the Pitti palace. It is the moment. Let us be off!"

Cellini only then understood that the day and hour of the great musical festival had already arrived. This circumstance in no way agreed with the choice Alfonso had made of this evening for his meeting. How, in such a moment, could the maestro abandon his orchestra, and leave the important post, to which so great an interest attached him? It was difficult to comprehend.

Cellini, nevertheless, walked towards the Baptistry, where he found his two pupils Paolo and Ascanio, and horses; he was to depart that very evening for Leghorn, and was to embark there for Naples on the morrow.

He had waited but a few moments, when Alfonso, his face pale and his eyes burning, presented himself before him with a sort of affected calm, that was not natural to him.

"Cellini! you are come; thanks."

"Well!"

"It is this evening!"

"I know it. But, speak; I await the explanation you promised me."

"The Pitti palace, the gardens, the courts, are crowded. The people cover the walls, the roofs, the trees, the basins half filled with water, everything."

"I know it."

"The Pisans are here, the Siennese are here."

"I know it."

"The grand-duke, the court, the nobility are united, the immense orchestra has assembled."

"I know it."

"But the music is not there," cried Alfonso,

"the master is not there! you know that also?"
"What do you mean?"

"There is no music, for I have carried it off; there is no maestro, for here I am; there will be no musical festival, for the work and its author have disappeared. A note has just informed the grand-duke that my work will not be executed. "It does not suit me," I wrote, making use of his own words; "in my turn, I have changed my mind." Fancy the rage of these people, disappointed for the first time! of the people who have left their towns and occupations, and spent their money to hear my music, and who will not hear it! Before joining you, I took a glance at them, and saw that impatience was beginning to master them, and that they would visit it on the grand-duke. Do you see my plan, Cellini?"

"I perceive it."

"Come, come, let us get a little nearer the palace, let us see my mine explode. Do you not already hear the cries, the tumult, the curses? Oh my brave Pisans, I recognize you by your imprecations! Do you see the stones, the branches, the broken vases flying? Only the Siennese can throw them in that way! Take care, or we shall be thrown down. How they run! Those are the Florentines; they mount to the assault of the pavilion. Good! there is a block of mud in the ducal box; it was a lucky idea for Cosimo that he left it. Down with the platforms! down with the desks, the benches, the windows! down with the box! down with the pavilion! There it falls. They ruin everything, Cellini! It is a magnificent riot! Honor to the grand-duke! Ah! the devil! you took me for a coward? Are you satisfied? Tell me, is not this vengeance?"

Cellini, his teeth fixed, his nostrils extended, watched, without answering, this terrible spectacle of popular fury; his eyes, in which a sinister fire burned, his square forehead, down which rolled drops of perspiration, the almost imperceptible trembling of his limbs, testified the savage intensity of his joy. At last, seizing Alfonso's arm:

"I am going to Naples at once; will you come with me?"

"To the end of the world, now."

"Embrace me, then, and to horse! You are a hero."

Obituary.

WILLIAM HENRY FRY.

(From the New York Tribune.)

The death of our friend and fellow-laborer, William Henry Fry, took place on the twenty-first of December at Santa Cruz, whither he had recently gone for the benefit of his broken health. For several years past he had been the victim of consumption; his physical sufferings at times were of a severer form than was known except to his most intimate friends; he cherished the habitual consciousness, that his recovery was past hope; yet the force of his masculine will was an almost perpetual triumph over the ravages of disease, his cheerfulness never forsook him for a moment, and often rose to the tone of joyous hilarity; his interest in his favorite artistic pursuits scarcely abated till his final departure from among us, and his energy of thought and expression remained in striking contrast to the effects of his malady as seen in his wasted frame and faded cheek. Mr. Fry was born in Philadelphia, and had attained the age of about fifty years at the time of his death. He was the son of William Fry, a prominent journalist of Philadelphia, and proprietor of the celebrated "National Gazette," which under the editorship of Mr. Robert Walsh formed a new epoch in the history of the American press.

He received his early education partly at the schools of his native city, and partly at the Roman Catholic College of Mount St. Mary's at Emmitsburg, Md. At an early age, he exhibited the talent for music, in which he subsequently attained such honorable distinction. His first orchestral compositions were four overtures performed by the Philharmonic Society of Philadelphia, for which he was complimented with an honorary medal. In 1845, he wrote the opera of "Leonora," which was produced by the Seguin company at the Chestnut Street Theatre, in the month of June of that year, and an Italian version was performed at the Academy of Music in New York in the Spring of 1858. After a connection of several years with the Philadelphia press, in 1846 Mr. Fry visited Paris, and other European capitals, where he remained for six years. His vigorous and racy correspondence from the former city with the *Tribune*, attracted not a little attention, and designated him as one of the most original and brilliant off-hand popular writers on the staff of American journalism. After his return to this country in 1852, he delivered in New York a remarkable series of lectures on the history of music, illustrated by two new symphonies of his own composition, which, with two othersymphonies, "Santa Claus" and "Childe Harold," were soon after played by M. Jullien's orchestra in many of the principal cities of the United States. His next original work was the music to an ode written for the opening of the Crystal Palace in New York in 1853. In 1855, he composed a "Stabat Mater" with full orchestral and vocal score for performance at the New York Academy. During the past year, his "Leonora" was produced with great splendor in Philadelphia, for the benefit of the Fair of the Sanitary Commission. For the last twelve years, Mr. Fry had been attached to the editorial corps of this journal, and our columns richly attest the remarkable fertility of his mind, his lively and opulent imagination, the acuteness and subtlety of his critical powers, and his peculiar gift of quaint and striking, though not unfrequently erratic expression. Mr. Fry was an ardent and efficient politician. Never a seeker of office or emolument from the public service, he was greatly in earnest in his devotion to principle. His convictions possessed the tenacity of steel, and flamed out like the fires of a glowing furnace. For everything that approached the character of compromise, of faltering conciliation, of a dread of consequences, he exercised a sovereign and refreshing scorn. On several occasions, he took an active part in election campaigns, and always made his mark where his foot was planted. He possessed, in no small degree, the eloquence of nature, but held in cordial aversion the oratory of the schools. His public speaking was vehement, impulsive, caustic, often extravagant, no doubt, but always terribly in earnest, tearing up the soil like a ploughshare. As a man, Mr. Fry was generous to a fault, of a convivial temperament and fond of the excitements of gay companionship. He expressed himself with impetuosity, with none of the usual caveats of reserve or discretion, and for this reason, was probably often misunderstood. But no one could call in question the native kindness of his heart, the sincere earnestness of his apparently reckless individuality, or the shining originality of his mental endowments.

(From the Independent.)

William Henry Fry, musical composer, and long-an editor of the *N. Y. Tribune*, died at Santa Cruz, December 21st, in the 50th year of his age. For several years before his death, Mr. Fry steadily declined in health, showing in his face and frame signs of a slow consumption. When in November last he sought a warmer climate, it was with no hope of recovery, but only of relief; yet, like many other invalids he breathed the West Indian air only to taste its disappointment, expressing his regret at quitting the colder and more bracing climate of New York. Incidentally one day falling asleep on a sofa where a draught of air blew upon him, he awoke to find himself seized by a violent cold and fever,

which so prostrated his feeble strength as to give his physicians no hope that he would rally under the attack. His last hours, which came speedily, afflicted him with weakness rather than with pain. When death threatened, he was asked by his brother Horace, "Do you know you are dying?" "Yes," he replied, and, after partaking of the sacrament, in a few hours breathed his last. A private letter tells us that his face in death wore a look of unutterable majesty and nobility. His last intellectual work was a musical mass, which he began and completed shortly before his death—leaving on his writing-table the corrected manuscript, concluding with the grand old words (the last his pen ever wrote) *Dona nobis pacem!* ("give unto us peace!"). Not a more eccentric, nondescript, unaccountable man have we ever known than William Henry Fry. And to all others who knew him, he was the same delightful enigma. Chiefly a musician, his genius nevertheless was universal—running like a gadding vine over almost every subject. An orator, a writer, a politician, a conversationist, he was one of the most versatile of men—a rare wit, a self-poised gentleman, a true friend, a charming playmate of children, and one of the most unselfish of human beings. Frailties, virtues, and genius all had equal part in this strange and fascinating man. By none who intimately knew him can he ever be forgotten, or will his name be ever spoken untenderly. He was as rare a man as "rare Ben Jonson."

The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society.

(From the New York Tribune, Jan. 24.)

Brooklyn was for many years dependent upon New York for its amusements; our Opera House, our concert rooms and our theatres derived an immense revenue from the inhabitants of the City of Churches, voluntarily given, but given at a large sacrifice of time and personal convenience. Especially did the New York Philharmonic Society profit by this outside contribution, and no small amount of its pecuniary success in the past may justly be attributed to that source. For fifteen years Brooklyn paid tribute to New York, and certainly, as far as the N. Y. P. Society is concerned, the account is square, and may be written down, so much paid, for which full value was received.

Eight years ago a number of the prominent musical amateurs of Brooklyn, who were at the same time thorough business men, determined to establish a Philharmonic Society in that city, so that they might enjoy the performance of the highest class of instrumental music, nearer home, than heretofore. At first it was hard to make the people believe that anything good could be got up within the circle of their own city limits; but the directors of the enterprise pursued their course with dogged perseverance, calculated their resources, secured the co-operation and advice of Mr. Theodore Eisfeld, the most experienced of our Philharmonic directors, and after the expenditure of much patience, and the sacrifice of much time and unusual labor, to say nothing of personal obloquy and ungenerous inuendoes, finally succeeded in arousing the local pride of the citizens, and the Philharmonic Society became an established fact in Brooklyn, and may now be considered the sister society and the only rival of the New York Philharmonic Society on the continent.

Its constitution differs from ours, inasmuch as it pays all its performing members, orchestral and solo, from the funds derived from the subscriptions and the sale of tickets, the surplus receipts being reserved for contingencies which might occur, the creation of an extensive musical library, or such other objects as properly belong to such an association; while ours is purely a professional society, governed by professional members, the performing members being paid a pro rata dividend from the proceeds, while the residue, which may be called profits, is funded for certain purposes, which have yet to be developed.

The labors of the gentlemen who first took the matter in hand have been crowned with a success which has exceeded their most sanguine expectations. Commencing in a small way in all except the excellence of their orchestra and its director, they gave their concerts in a hall of small dimensions; but year after year their audience increased in numbers, until now, the eighth year of the existence of the Society, the Brooklyn Academy of Music is too small to accommodate its subscribing members and casual visitors. This is the natural result of a broad and liberal management, which looks to excellence as the end, and spares no expense, consistent with

the amount of its resources, to secure its aim. At one time it adopted our system of changing conductors for each concert, but this season, taking the common sense view of the subject, it has appointed one conductor for the whole series, thus securing a unity of action and an intelligent correspondence between the leader and those who are led. This Society can better afford to pursue this wise system than we can in New York, where there are so many aspirants to the distinguished position of conductor, all of whom have friends in the Society to urge their claims, and to deny, whether justly or not, the right of any one man to an eminence so coveted.

On a permanent basis the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society has built up its success, and it is a point of gratification to all who have the true interests of music at heart that there is yet one more society laboring honestly, intelligently and earnestly in the good cause.

The first concert of the eighth season, though unnoticed in our columns, was excellent, both as regards selections and performance. The programme of the second concert, which took place last Saturday, the 21st inst., at the Academy of Music, was as follows:

Symphony No. 8 in E Flat major. (first time,) Haydn : *Cavatina—"Linda?"* "O luce di quest' anima," Donizetti, Miss Laura Harris ; Solo—Violin—Andante et Rondo Russe, De Beriot, Madame Camilla Urso ; Second Concerto, for the piano-forte, in B flat, (first time in America,) Beethoven, (with Cadenza by Ant. Rubinstein,) Mr. J. N. Patterson. Intermission, Poème Symphonique, Tasso, "Lamento e Trionfo," Liszt ; Solo—Violin—Elegie, Ernst, Madame Camilla Urso ; Cavatina,—"Lucia"—"Regnava nel silenzio," Donizetti. Miss Laura Harris ; Festival Overture, (by request) Ries,

The Symphony by Haydn is fresh and charming, the Introduction grave and thoughtful, the *Vivace* light, pleasing and melodious, but small in its general attributes. The *Adagio* is graceful and tender, containing some lovely passages for the wood instruments, in which the bassoon is treated admirably, and finding its relief in a bolder subject before its return to its first theme. The *Scherzo* is light and sprightly, and has a graceful and lovely *Trio*. The *Finale* is a vivacious movement, containing a clever fugue, and drawing its contrast from a marked change in the *tempo*, which is both artistic and effective. Its execution throughout was excellent. It was marked by delicacy, refinement and precision. Clearness of outline and attention to detail were particularly observable, and the minute and beautiful coloring so imperative to a just rendering of Haydn's music, and so different from the broad and massive effects of Beethoven, was developed with a poetic sentiment but rarely found in our orchestral performances. But charming as this Symphony is, it is not strong enough as a *pièce de resistance* of Philharmonic concert. It would have opened the second part advantageously as a sequence to a Symphony by Beethoven, Mendelssohn or Schumann, and one of the solo performers could have been well dispensed with. It would be still better, in our judgment, to have such a work for the closing piece of a concert, instead of a lesser work, such as an overture, as it would be certain, from its importance, to retain the audience to the end.

Miss Laura Harris sang two Italian operatic scenes, which are entirely out of character at such concerts, while we have so many grand concert arias which should be heard very acceptably. She has a light and charming voice, small in its volume, but neither thin nor wiry. It is, however, quite unsuited to the expression of passion or emotion, but well adapted to the demands of ornate and superficial compositions. Her voice is fresh, having lost nothing of its spontaneity; her intonation is admirable, and her execution is fluent and well-defined. She was well received, and her two solos were spontaneously encores.

Madame Camilla Urso also played twice. She is an artist of unquestionable ability. The violin, by usage, is not a lady's instrument; but the mastership of such as the sisters Milanollo, and now of Camilla Urso, may make it a disputed point between the sexes. Camilla Urso has acquired a fine tone, full and equal throughout; her intonation is pure and just, whether in single or double stopping, and through all the intricacies of the manipulation. She has exquisite taste, tenderness of manner and delicacy of refinement, but her style is small, and unequal to the broad interpretation of the larger pieces of the master-writers of the violin. Still she plays delightfully, and we listen to her with pleasure as the exponent of the tender, sentimental, dreamy and sensuous elements of violin music. Both her pieces received and merited the redemand which was awarded them.

The most important solo of the evening was the Beethoven Piano Concerto, performed by Mr. J. N. Patterson. It is no child's play to interpret such a work where the piano-forte has to contend with the orchestra, the plan of the composition being carried out

with equal importance to both, but with inevitable disadvantage to the single instrument. Beethoven never lowered the artistic standard. He always preserved the unity of thought, and never exalted the solo instrument at the expense of the integrity of the whole idea. It is therefore no slight task to undertake to interpret a piano concerto by Beethoven. Mr. Patterson brings many requisites to develop the undertaking. He has a fine technique, an excellent equality in the education of both hands, a scholastic appreciation of the subject, and he is besides, an earnest and faithful worker, acting under the belief that diving below the surface is the only sure way to develop the inner heart of the composition. His performance was in every way satisfactory, in some parts admirably and beautifully played, with the single exception that a certain breadth was lacking in the general development of the idea—a something of grandeur that was needed to fill out the simple majesty of Beethoven's thought. Still, we acknowledge it as a performance of great merit, and in the added *Cadenza* by Rubinstein, we recognize a facility of manipulation, a comprehension of the scope of the thought in connection with the leading idea of the movement, and an appreciation of the relations one to the other, which prove that Mr. Patterson is on the right path, and needs but a little longer experience to walk upright before the best interpreters of the works of the great masters.

The *Poème-Symphonique, "Tasso,"* by Liszt, is a work of unequal merit, of rare apparent beauty, and of metaphysical mystification difficult for the hearer to trace out, unravel or comprehend. It is replete with instrumental resources, and the episode of the Gondolier's song is wonderfully treated by varied and imaginative figures, but the general effect is that of a thought undefined, an undeveloped transcription of an idea, which the creative faculty of the author could not master.

The Festival Overture by Ferdinand Ries is an antiquated specialty not worth resuscitation by a Society where the concerts are few and the repertoire of first-class works unlimited. The programme for the third concert offers a selection far more worthy of the Society than the one under notice. The instrumental performance throughout the evening was in every way worthy the high reputation of the orchestra, and of the acknowledged skill of the conductor, Mr. Eisfeld.

Music Abroad.

London.

THE MUSICAL YEAR OF 1864.

The Orchestra furnishes the following review of the music of the metropolis during the past year.

As the most important period in the musical history of the year, the Italian operatic season claims precedence in our record. Both opera houses were open this year—Covent Garden under Mr. Gye, with Mr. Costa as conductor; Her Majesty's under Mr. Mapleson, with Signor Arditi as conductor. The Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, opened on Tuesday, March 29th, with Bellini's "Norma," Madame Lagrua making her first appearance in this country as the Druid Priestess. She subsequently appeared as Desdemona in "Otello," and Leonora in "La Favorita," and established position for herself as one of the best tragic singers now on the stage. Flotow's "Stradella" was the only novella produced during the season, but with little success. Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord" was performed for the first time in the new theatre at the end of the season, Saturday, July 23rd, and on Saturday, July 30th, the season ended with a representation of the same opera. The extensive repertoire of the establishment was well used during the season, each performance being distinguished by that attention to detail and lavish expenditure so characteristic of Covent Garden Theatre. Signor Mario, made his re-appearance in "Masaniello" on April 5th, appearing frequently during the season, principally in "Faust," and despite occasional drawbacks manifesting that he still remains in the proud position, so many years accorded to him, of *primo tenore*. Herr Wachtel appeared as Manrico in "Il Trouvatore," on April 7th, subsequently appearing as Arnoldo in "Guglielmo Tell," John of Leyden in the "Prophète," and Stradella in Flotow's opera. Gifted with a magnificently powerful voice, he created his greatest success by the unsparing use of a high C chest tone, which, on his first appearance, threw his critics into ecstasies. Madlle. Pauline Lucca created a strong impression in her favor by her singing in the "Huguenots" and "Faust," but from some unexplained cause her engagement came to an abrupt termination after she had appeared but a

few nights. Mlle. Artot also essayed the part of Marguerite in "Faust," and much additional interest was given to this already popular opera by the various readings given to the part of Marguerite by the several *prime donne* who represented it. Principal among these was Mlle. Adelina Patti, who, by her original rendering and exquisite singing, added to her many triumphs. She continued, as in previous years, one of the chief attractions of the season, appearing for the first time on May 9th in "*Il Barbiere*." Madame Didié, Mlle. Fréci, Signor Tamberlik, M. Faure, Signori Ronconi, Graziani, Naudin, and other less prominent artists, contributed their share to render the season one of the most brilliant on record. Few weeks passed without four and sometimes five performances. On Thursday, April 14th, a state visit was paid to the opera by General Garibaldi, when Bellini's "*Norma*" was performed.

The season at her Majesty's Theatre commenced on Saturday, April 9th, with a performance of Verdi's "*Rigoletto*." The mainstay of the season was undoubtedly Mlle. Tietjens, and that lady fully maintained her great reputation, singing nearly every night. The novelties produced were Nicolai's "*Falstaff*," on May 3rd, and Gounod's "*Mirella*," on July 5th. Beethoven's "*Fidelio*," revived on June 23rd, was an event of real importance. Weber's "*Oberon*" was revived after the regular season was ended. These operas, added to the *repertoire* of the establishment, gave the public an opportunity of seeing and hearing Mlle. Tietjens to the best advantage. Mlle. Bettelheim made her first appearance on the opening night, and filled for some time the place of Madame Trebelli, whose indisposition kept her from fulfilling her engagements. Signor Giuglini shared with Mlle. Tietjens the honors and at first the hard work of the season, and being in better health and voice than he was the previous season, increased his popularity. Towards the end of the season the principal tenor work was shared by Signor Gardoni and Dr. Gunz, the latter making his first appearance in this country as *Florestan* on the production of "*Fidelio*." Mr. Santley retained his position as leading baritone singer, and worked hard to gain those laurels which he so richly merited. Madame Trebelli joined the company some time after the season had commenced, adding to her customary rôles the part of the old fortune-teller in "*Mirella*." Other prominent members of the company were Mlle. Volpini, Mlle. Liebhardt, Madame Harriss-Wippern, Mlle. Grossi, Signor Juncos, and Signor Gassier. Of the operas produced during the season, "*Faust*" bears the lion's share in number of representations; "*Mirella*" was performed nine times, "*Falstaff*" seven times, "*Roberto*" six times, "*Traviata*" seven times. General Garibaldi also paid a state visit to this house on Tuesday, April 19th, when "*Lucrzia Borgi*" was performed. The subscription season ended on July 16th, but a series of "farewell performances at cheap prices" was continued until August 13th. A short season, during which "*Faust*" monopolized the greater number of nights, was commenced on October 24th, ending November 5th.

At the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society, all departments of band and chorus under the direction of Mr. Costa maintained their high state of proficiency. Haydn's "*Creation*" was given on January 15th; Mendelssohn's "*Hymn of Praise*" and Rossini's "*Stabat Mater*" on January 29th and February 8th; Handel's "*Israel in Egypt*" on February 19th and May 13th; "*Judas Macabaeus*" on March 11th and December 9th; the "*Messiah*" on March 23rd, December 16th and 23rd; Mendelssohn's "*St. Paul*" on April 15th and November 25th; "*Elijah*" on April 29th, and "*Samson*" on May 27th. This latter brought the thirty-second season to a termination, and that of 1864-5 commenced on Friday November 25th. The principal singers during the year have been Mme. Parepa, Mlle. Rudersdorff, Mme. Sainton-Dolby, and Mme. L. Baxter; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Santley, Mr. Weiss and Mr. Patey.

The National Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, now in its fifth season, gave performances of Mendelssohn's "*Elijah*" on February 3rd, March 2nd, and December 14th; "*Messiah*" on March 21st; Dr. Arnold's new oratorio "*Ahab*" on April 5th; Mendelssohn's "*Hymn of Praise*" and Rossini's "*Stabat Mater*" on June 8th; "*Judas Macabaeus*" on July 6th. The concert of June 8th was remarkable as affording the first appearance of Signor Giuglini at Exeter Hall. The other principal singers during the year have been Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Sherrington, Madame Parepa, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Santley, Mr. Weiss and Mr. Patey.

Madame Lind Goldschmidt sang at several concerts during the year, attracting on all occasions large audiences, composed of those who, with the recollection of Jenny Lind in their minds, came to recall past

times, and of a younger generation wishful to hear that voice that had so enchanted their predecessors. Her first appearance in 1864 was in the "*Messiah*" at Exeter Hall on Tuesday, January 5th. On this occasion the performance was for the benefit of the funds of the Friends of the Clergy Corporation.

Gounod's "*Faust*," the greatest success of all operas of the present age, was brought out in English for the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday, January 23rd; libretto by Mr. H. F. Chorley. The music was already familiar to the opera-goer, and the numerous arrangements and adaptations for all instruments, from the full orchestra to the barrel organ, had rendered the principal airs of the opera tolerably well known to the general public; but it was reserved for Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Marchesi, and Mr. Santley to interpret in a style worthy of an English opera house the enchanting music of Gounod. ** *

The Musical Society of London commenced its sixth season on Wednesday, January 27th, at St. James's Hall; other concerts were given on April 21st and June 15th. Original works by J. F. Barnett, Harold Thomas, &c., were produced, besides instrumental works of classical composers, varied by occasional vocal pieces, which were rendered by Mesdames Dustman-Meyer, Bettelheim, Liebhardt, and Parepa, and Mr. Santley.

The Philharmonic Society took the occasion of the first concert of their fifty-second season, Monday, February 29th, being the birthday of Rossini, to concoct a commemorative programme, six out of the ten pieces performed being by that composer. Other concerts were given by this old-established society on March 14th, April 18th—this concert was announced as "in connection with the tercentenary anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare," and consisted of a selection of compositions illustrative of the poet's writings; May 2nd, May 16th—Prince and Princess of Wales present; May 30th—first performance of Schumann's second symphony; June 13th—"by special desire," the Princesses Helena and Louise present; and June 27th, at which last concert, the Prince and Princess of Wales present, and a new violin concerto by Herr Joachim and a new symphony by Professor Bennett were performed.

The twentieth season of the Musical Union commenced on Tuesday, April 5, and terminated on Tuesday, June 28. The concerts of the year preserved the reputation of the Musical Union as expositors of the highest class of music, and experienced, as in previous seasons, the most distinguished patronage.

The season of opera concerts at the Crystal Palace commenced on Saturday, May 7, terminating in July. These concerts were as successful as their predecessors had been, and the services of artistes of both opera houses were engaged. The series of Saturday Winter Concerts commenced on October 8. Madame Grisi sang at the concerts of December 17th and 31st. This series of concerts is characterized by the production of classical and popular music performed in the best style by Mr. Mann's band; several symphonies, &c., have been here performed for the first time in this country.

The English Opera Association, which had been formed a year or two previously, having failed in effecting the purpose of its formation, was, about the end of June, wound up and its business transferred to the hands of the "Opera Company, limited," authorized capital £30,000. In the preliminary prospectus issued by the directors, it was stated that "the first operations of the Company would be the production and performance in this country of English Operas, of adaptations from the foreign schools, and for other musical purposes." Great things were expected from this company: it was rumored about that now at last we were to have an independent management, who would foster and encourage native talent, bringing out works of English composers, and engaging the best English singers. Time will show how these expectations will be realized. Large promises are made of the production of works by our leading English composers; but those produced since the opening night are hardly likely to keep place on the stage. With regard to engagements of singers, the directors allowed Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and Miss Louisa Pyne, certainly the three leading stars among English singers, to be engaged elsewhere. Covent Garden Theatre was opened under the auspices of the company on Saturday, October 15th, with a performance of "*Masanillo*," introducing Mr. Charles Adams, an Englishman by birth, an American by education and musical training, as the mad fisherman king. Macfarren's "*Helvellyn*" was produced on Thursday, November 3rd; Hatton's "*Rose*" on November 26th; and Benedict's "*Bride of Song*" on Saturday, December 3rd. The company have since produced a Christmas Pantomime, expending an enormous sum in its preparation, in which

Donato, a young Spaniard, who performed evolutions on one leg, and who was paid for so doing £40 per night, appeared. So much has been done this year for English art by the company that was to found a home for English Opera.

Mr. Alfred Mellon's Promenade Concerts, a most acceptable annual to a very large section of the public, commenced at Covent Garden Theatre on Monday, August 8th, and terminated on Saturday, October 8th. During this, his fourth season, Mr. Mellon maintained his well-earned reputation, collecting a band of one hundred of the best performers, engaging Miss Carlotta Patti for every concert, with Mr. Santley, Mr. Thomas, Madame Parepa, and others occasionally, and concocting programmes which included music of all kinds, from the symphony to the polka; it is scarcely necessary to add that, as usual with these concerts, the theatre was crowded every night.

M. Jullien commenced a series of promenade concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre in the month of September. Mr. Santley and Mlle. Liebhardt were the vocalists, and on Sept. 26th a party of Danish vocalists with the band of the Danish Guards made their first appearance in London.

It would be impossible, within our limits, to give an account of all the benefit concerts of the year, or of the concerts given by professors and teachers of music, to audiences of admiring friends and pupils. It would be unjust, however, to pass all over, and we, therefore, give a list of the principal. Madame Sainton-Dolby and Mr. Sainton gave a morning concert at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, June 1st. Mr. W. G. Cusins' annual concert took place at the same hall on Wednesday, June 8th. Mr. Lindsay Sloper gave two performances of pianoforte music, assisted by other artists, at the same hall, on June 15th and 20th. Mr. Benedict's annual concert is always one of the attractions of the season, the programme being longer, and the number of artists larger, than generally provided; this year was no exception to the rule, and accordingly his concert held at St. James's Hall, on Monday, June 20th, was very numerously attended. Mr. Kuhn gave a recital of ancient and modern pianoforte music at the Hanover Square Rooms on Thursday, June 23rd. Signor Ciabatta's Concert, at St. James's Hall, on Saturday, June 25th, was remarkable as affording one of the very few appearances in London of Madame Grisi. Series of concerts were given by the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music. The Mouday Popular Concerts continued their course, and as rendering the works of the best composers popular, at the same time in the best manner, reflect very great credit on their spirited promoter, Mr. Arthur Chappell.

Mr. Howard Glover gave several concerts in the course of the year, the first being at St. James's Hall, on Saturday, January 2nd; a series of "Grand Musical Festivals" was commenced by him at Drury Lane Theatre, on Saturday, October 1st. It is sufficient for us to say of these concerts that all available talent was engaged by Mr. Glover, and that all classes of artistes, from Signor Mario and Madame Grisi downwards, sang or played.

Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, the best in the metropolis for the performance of glees, madrigals, and part-songs, gave concerts at intervals, the subscription season, 1853-4, ending Thursday, May 26th.

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, DEC. 1864.—Carlotta Patti's concert in Halle, an account of which I promised in my last, was as great a success as I anticipated. Every regular seat in the very handsome new hall of the Volkschule, (people's school), was engaged several days beforehand, at the unprecedented price of 1 1-2 Thalers (the front rows even at 2 Thalers), and the aisles and corners were filled with extra benches, swelling the number of seats to 700, and leaving but little room for those unfortunates who had paid a Thaler for a "standing-place." A concert audience in Germany has a much more brilliant appearance than with us, owing to the custom which requires the ladies to dress more, at least to remove their bonnets and cloaks, and wear light or gay colored dresses or wrappings. The programme was a very miscellaneous one of the kind that has for years been stereotyped in America, only that the quality of some of its ingredients was superior. Among Mlle. Patti's assistants, I recognized two old acquaintances: Alfred Jaell and Vieuxtemps, who opened the concert

with the Kreutzer Sonata, or rather two movements of it, omitting the first for some unaccountable reason. In point of execution, blending with each other, and even spirit, their playing was faultless, but it did not warm the listener. The same could be said of the respective solo playing of the two. A violoncellist named Steffens showed his instrument to best advantage in some sentimental French composition. Patti, charming and blooming as ever, delighted her hearers much as would a bird, by her wonderful roulades, trills, cadenzas of every kind, and by her really marvellous high notes, struck by her clear ringing voice with unwavering precision. She sang : "O luce di quest' anima," the shadow dance from "Dinorah," Mazurka for the voice, and in answer to an encore, a laughing song by Auber, which latter was rendered with charming naïveté and astonishing skill. Yet it was nothing but skill, and a wonderful natural gift—the soul, the feeling, were wanting, as also the higher cultivation which could make of so glorious a voice what ought to be made of it, and render it capable of worthier efforts and the interpretation of nobler works. A small portion of the audience felt this, but the greater part were dazzled by the brilliant halo of humbug around the whole affair, and overflowed with blind, unqualified admiration and enthusiasm. In short, Ullman has played his cards so well, that another concert was announced, which, when I left, promised to be as great a success as the first.

And now, how shall I begin to tell you of Berlin, and all the attractions it holds out to the lover of music! Oh for the time, the physical and mental endurance, and the money, to give heed to them all! What a store of treasures one might lay up in the course of a single winter! To begin with concerts, those of the royal orchestra, of the Cathedral choir, (Dom-chor), the Sing-Akademie and the Sternsche Verein occur, in regular series, every year. Besides these there are Quartet, Trio, and miscellaneous classical Soirées by eminent artists, mostly in series of three or more, not to mention occasional concerts of the most attractive kind. These are the expensive aristocratic entertainments; but in addition to these, every day of the week brings one, if not two cheap concerts, at 5 Silbergroschen (or by subscription 3) a ticket, held in the various "Locale," i.e. halls attached to coffee gardens where the same entertainments are held in summer. The best of these are those of Liebig, well-known to Americans who have ever been in Berlin. But he has a worthy follower in Oertling, whose orchestra plays nearly as well as Liebig's, and who also has established a series of cheap Quartet concerts; in which, however, there is room for improvement as far as execution is concerned. At these concerts the audience are none the less attentive because they are seated at small tables, drinking coffee or beer, and often smoking, and the ladies with their work. They are, indeed, so much frequented by ladies, that within a few years an attempt has been made to do away with the smoking, at least on some days of the week, which has been partially successful. The programmes are never poor, and often faultless; as for instance, one which I heard recently, when the pieces played were Mozart's "Jupiter" and Beethoven's 5th Symphony, the Overtures to *Coriolanus* and *Melusine*, and an exquisite "Nordisches Lied" by Schumann.

The Sternsche Verein have opened their season with "St. Paul," and the "Creation;" the Sing-Akademie with the "Seasons;" the Cathedral Choir, incomparably fine as ever, have given one of their regular concerts, at which nothing but sacred music, ancient and modern, is performed, and are now singing twice every afternoon in connection with the Christmas exhibition of Transparencies, which is held every year for several weeks at holiday time. This exhibition is unique of its kind. In a darkened room, a quiet, expectant audience is assembled. Sud-

denly the lights are entirely extinguished, and a heavenly music begins. At the same time a curtain opens, and an illuminated transparent painting, on some Scriptural subject, appears. The music continues while the curtain is open, and is of a character befitting the subject of the picture. The effect of the whole is indescribable. A sort of hushed awe pervades the audience; no one speaks above a whisper; there is something magic in the transparencies, and the voices of the invisible singers seem like those of angels. This year there were six paintings by resident artists: the Annunciation, the Baptism of Christ, Christ and the Samaritan woman, the Adoration of the Magi, the two Mary's at the Tomb, and Resurrection of Christ. The music was mostly modern, by Reichardt, Taubert, Nicolai, Naumann, and Reisinger; the only exception, and the pearl of the whole, was a composition by an unknown composer of the 15th century: "Allo trinita beata," &c., a work of strange beauty and simple grandeur. The Cathedral choir can still be heard every Sunday at the regular service in the Cathedral or "Dome;" and on high festivals, as well as at the liturgical service on the eve of every holiday, their singing is peculiarly impressive. They were called, not long ago, to mourn the loss of Dr. Neithardt, their leader and instructor for many years; but as yet no bad effect of his absence is discernible in their singing.

I regret not to be able to speak as favorably of the Opera here in Berlin as of concerts. That institution is in a very indifferent state. A few stars serve to attract audiences; but when they are announced, it is almost impossible to get tickets at ordinary prices, on account of the impudence of the ticket speculators, who buy them up, and sell them at enormous premiums. In this way the residents of Berlin, with the exception of the wealthy Jews, are kept away, and the audiences are composed mostly of these same Jews and strangers, with whom it is a point of honor to have heard an opera in Berlin. The forces of the opera are very unequally balanced, there being, for instance, three superior sopranos, with two or three good ones, but no mezzo-soprano or alto worth speaking of, and, shame to say, no tenor of peculiar merit. This "Tenor-calamity," as a Berlin daily calls it, has lasted for some time, and various attempts have been made to end it, but without success. Theodore Formes's voice has lost sadly with time, it being twelve or thirteen years since he was engaged for this stage. A short time ago it was thought that the *rara avis* had been hit upon, and a gentleman named Woworski was engaged, but only to raise vain regrets for overhastiness. It is curious that one of the best of the tenors employed here is said to be an American by the name of Adams, who was formerly connected with some minstrel troupe at home. The bassos are not much better represented: Krause, Ericke, and Salomon, are all old stand-bys. The first is decidedly the best, and a real artist, with a fine voice. Of the sopranos, Lucen is decidedly the favorite. Owing to the difficulties above mentioned, I have not yet heard her, nor De Ahna, nor Harriers-Wippern, whom the best judges place in the same rank with, if not above her. The "Marriage of Figaro," in which the three appear together, is called the best-performed opera now on this stage, and I hope in a further letter to give you an account of it. So also of Gluck's *Orpheus*, in which Wagner-Jacchmann still appears occasionally, the title-part being the only role to which her voice is still equal.

Altogether, my next letter will treat more of particulars; in the present one I wished to give your readers a general idea of what is done for music in this capital, and as more details would lead me too far on this occasion, I reserve them for another time.

M.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 28.—Mr. GOTTSCHALK has been crowding Concert Hall with his "Concerts d' Adieu," of which there have been three,—in which we

may fancy the amiable, but lackadaisical pianist emulating the love-lorn Romeo in his protracted parting from the indulgent Juliet:—

"Good night! good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I could say good night! till it be morrow!"

It was my misfortune to be present at one of these painful leave-takings, and I rejoice to note that "the great Ameriean pianist" seemed to be in no wise melancholy or depressed. I presume the grief of the parting hour was greatly assuaged by the prospect of the pecuniary benefit following the presence of large audiences. Yet the triumph of a resolute mind was never more completely manifested than by the serenity and cheerfulness, withal, with which the illustrious artist contemplated the separation from his dear public.

It is, indeed, somewhat strange that people will deplete their resources to the extent of One Dollar *per capita*, for the sake of hearing "Faust" on five grand pianos, when one can hear it any day of the seven, on twenty-five, with the additional pleasure of having the *tempo* varied according to individual caprice by each performer, and on instruments of the most diverse qualities and pitch.

Mr. Gottschalk's concerts are not, it must be owned, rendered additionally attractive by the presence and assistance of either Miss Lucy Simons, or Mr. Muzio. The lady has a voice rather inferior in quality to that of the fine Chickering piano which is half the pleasure of the pianist's performance;—and Mr. Muzio, competent as he may be as an *entrepreneur*, plays accompaniments as wretchedly as I suppose is possible. He is the very worst of that class of musicians that I have ever heard. Really, there is truth in that oft quoted bit of Brillat-Savarin pleasantries, that a pianist can be made, but accompanists are only born.

To refer to something attended with more grateful reminiscences:—the second of the WOLFSOHN and THOMAS series of Classical Concerts was given on Saturday evening, Jan. 21, at the Foyer of the Academy. The programme was the following.

Trio—(D minor, op. 62.) Piano and Strings. Schumann.
Messrs. Wolfsohn, Thomas and Ahrend.

1. Andante and variations for Piano and Cello, Mendelssohn.
Messrs. Wolfsohn and Ahrend.

2. Ballade—(G minor, op. 23).Chopin.
Carl Wolfsohn.

Quartet—(F major, No. 1).Beethoven.

Messrs. Thomas, Roggenburger, Kammerer and Ahrend.

The Schumann trio, undoubtedly one of the most enduring monuments of the composer's genius, was very finely performed. Naturally enough, it did not excite a great deal of enthusiasm in the audience, select though it was,—a hundred and odd people having braved a terrible storm to be present. It was its first production, I think, in this city; of course it did not receive the welcome it deserved, although the discriminating few who know Schumann were enraptured with the many beauties that were made manifest through the superior playing of Messrs. Thomas and Ahrend. Mr. Thomas was unable to perform the Tartini Sonata, which was advertised, in consequence of a recent injury to his hand, and the exquisite Duo of Mendelssohn was substituted.

The Chopin *Ballade* in G minor, although a work replete with beauties, is not, to my fancy, one of his best efforts; why Mr. Wolfsohn should have selected it, I can scarcely imagine, especially when there are others of his works to which many of us are entire strangers, and which it would have afforded greater delight to hear.

All present agree that such perfect quartet playing had never been heard as delighted us in the Beethoven String Quartet. The *Adagio*, in the hands of four such artists, was a revelation even to many who had thought themselves familiar with its many beauties.

At the 11th Matinée of the Philadelphia Quintette Club, Jan. 25, the following programme was presented:—

Quartet, op. 76, in C.....	Haydn.
Messrs. Gaertner, Jarvis, Cross and Schmitz.	
Sonata, C major, op. 53.....	Beethoven.
Mr. Jarvis.	

Quartet, C major..... Mozart.

Messrs. Gaertner, Jarvis, Cross, Plagmann, and Schmitz.

I was present and particularly delighted with the conscientious rendering of the Beethoven Sonata, by Mr. JARVIS. I hope to find it in the programme soon again. If Mr. GAERTNER could for once relieve himself of that habitual nervous irritability which seems so often to possess him in his climaxes, and which too often sadly mars the beauty of his performances, and endeavor to be more like those, " who, moving others, are themselves as stone," the distance between him and the summit of perfection would for once be greatly abridged.

Mr. ISAAC L. RICE, the youthful pianist, whose hopeful debut, some two years since, was noticed with commendation in your columns, gave a concert, on the evening of Jan. 26, which proved to be a very pleasant affair. I add the programme:

1. Duo—Sonata in B, op. 45, Piano and Violoncello, Mendelssohn.
2. Song—Romanza, "Va, dit elle,"—Robert le Diable.—Meyerbeer.
3. Violoncello Solo—Fantasia—Lucia..... Piatti.
4. Piano Solo—Rigoletto—Paraphrase de Concert..... Liszt.
5. Violin Solo—7ieme Air varié..... Beriot.
6. Song—Serenade, [first time]..... Behrens.
7. Piano Solo—Schermone de Marguerites..... Mrs. Henriette Behrens.
8. Piano Solo—Scherzo in B flat minor..... Chopin.
9. Song—Valse de Concert, "l'Ardite"—..... Ardit.
10. Piano Solo—[a. Au Bord du Ruisseau]..... Gutmann.
11. Redowa du Concert..... Wolfschmidt.
12. I. L. Rice.

To succeed in attaining the perfection necessary to a correct performance of such music as the Mendelssohn Sonata, and the Chopin Scherzo,—by which I choose rather to rate Master Rice's ability, than by the less exacting "Rigoletto" Fantasia—is creditable to the young artist's industry, and, unquestionably, indicative of talent. Should he continue to progress in the future in proportion to his past advancement in the mastery of the instrument, and a true idea of art, his friends may, I think, confidently anticipate for him no mean position in the ranks of our native virtuosos.

MERCUTIO.

CINCINNATI, JAN. 27.—Our three choral societies have been very active this winter. What we lack, is a good orchestra. We have the materials for it; but we have here every evening such a crowd of shows and popular amusements, and our musicians are thereby so much engaged and divided up in their respective little bands, that it is impossible to unite the best of them, to form an orchestra of a higher order, and to find the time for proper rehearsals. Notwithstanding this difficulty, our active leader, Mr. BARUS, has managed with his German Society, "the Maennerchor," to get up another short season of German Opera, and to have a pretty good orchestra to accompany them. This year they have given us *Masaniello*, *Stradella*, and *La Dame Blanche*. As professional assistance they had Madame Rotter, of the New York German Opera, who made a very agreeable impression as a careful and expressive singer and good actress. The performances have been quite pleasing, and certainly very creditable for amateurs. As in former years, they excelled principally in the choruses.

Our American choral society, the "Harmonic," Mr. Barns leader, gave a largely attended concert a week ago with a chorus of about 80, and about 30 in the orchestra, when they performed the first part of the "Messiah" and the "Song of the Bell." The performance was good, but might have been improved by a little energy and more attention to light and shadow. The chorus sounded full and well balanced; the Society is very flourishing.

The German "Cecilia Society," who are in their ninth season, gave us some very interesting compositions at their concert last night; viz.: the "New

Year's song" by Schumann, "Spring's Message, by Gade, and the Finale from the unfinished opera "Lurline" by Mendelssohn. The chorus numbered 40, and was accompanied by a Steinway Grand piano; but the singers are so well drilled by their new leader, Mr. Andres, and the piano was played so finely and with so much force and expression by him, that the result was a very artistic and highly enjoyable performance. May we have many more such concerts, with a truly fine programme and a skillful rendering of it.

In a week we shall have the New York German Opera with us.

X.

CINCINNATI, JAN. 16. The second "Concert de Salon" of Messrs. KUNKEL and HAHN came off on the 12th inst., and was attended by a highly appreciative audience. It is really gratifying to see the marked attention of the listeners throughout, and the very enthusiastic reception of each piece. It speaks well, not only for the performers, but for the decidedly growing musical taste of our "Western Village." Mr. Hahn is fast gaining favor as a vigorous and correct performer. With an even tone, graceful and easy bowing, well marked staccato, and a tasteful discrimination, he renders anything which he undertakes in a masterly and impressive style.

The Nocturne, Op. 38, of Chopin, and "La Truite," op. 38, of Heller, were finely performed by Jacob Kunkel, pupil of his talented brother, Chas. Kunkel, This Nocturne is without doubt one of the finest inspirations of Chopin, and was handled with that delicacy and spirit which showed the careful and appreciative study of the performer. In the Transcription by Heller he developed great clearness of execution. The triplets in the right hand were perfectly distinct, and pearl-like throughout; his improvement has been very marked and rapid.

The artistic inspiration with which Charles Kunkel played the Nocturne of Schumann, and "Auf Flügeln Des Gesanges," by Heller, rendered them the gems of the evening. Schumann's noble Nocturne, with its rich harmony, and Heller's exquisite Improvisata, which Mr. Kunkel had the kindness to give us complete, with the beautiful middle part in C minor (as published by O. Ditson & Co.) were faultless in the rendering. In fact, in the West, Mr. K. has no superiors, and very few equals as a pianist.

G.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 4, 1865.

Concerts.

As our review must be brief, we begin with the long neglected, and, looking over the programmes of two months and more, endeavor to bring down to the present time our

GREAT ORGAN RECORD. Since the last Saturday in November we have not reported, inasmuch as things were going on in pretty much the same way as during the whole summer and autumn, while other and newer musical doings claimed precedence. The Wednesday and Saturday "noonings" and the somewhat graver Sunday evening concerts have been uninterrupted kept up; the audiences small, to be sure, but often numbering two or three hundred people, mostly visitors drawn by enthusiasm or curiosity to see and listen for the first time to the wondrous instrument. Each time you see for the most part new faces; and it is pleasant to observe the rapt attention and radiant expression. Properly speaking, there have not been many real organ concerts, concerts of organ music; for the noonday performances are mainly convenient opportunities for seeing and hearing the Organ

as such, (although the Sunday evening concerts serve to some extent a more purely musical purpose). There has been a great deal of light and pretty and showy music, of course; more of transcriptions, orchestral imitations, Vox Humana and other solo exhibitions, fantastic variations, vague improvisations, than of strictly organ compositions; more of Harlequin than of Bach. And yet, considering the circumstances, it is remarkable how much the name of Bach has figured on the programmes,—almost always once, on Sundays twice or thrice—and how many times several of his grandest pieces have been played. Naturally, too, there has been a great deal of repetition; each organist has settled into a certain round of pieces, which he can feel sure of doing well, and which he has "tried on" so often that he knows that they will please; yet one or two are more adventurous and use the "noonings" also for explorations into fresh fields, for readings of hitherto untried compositions, thus enlarging the repertoire, sometimes with valuable accessions.

Of the organ concerts, in a general way, we have only a note or two more to make. In the first place, it is remarkable in what perfect tune and working order, the most complicated instrument has been kept through all the variations of weather; the like has never before been known, we suspect, of organs in this country; we can only remember one or two days, of sudden and extreme cold, when one or two stops were out (in the wrong sense). The limited supply of Cochituate power, too, while the lake ran low, not only threw the organist out of practice, but may have at times balked somewhat his intentions in the public concert.—Again, it is undoubtedly an accident, and yet remarkable, that among so many organists, this great organ has never once been played upon by a German (?)—although Germans built it, a German keeps it in tune, true organ music is mostly German music, and in all our cities the Germans make most of the good music for us. The organists who have sprung up at the call of the Great Organ are nearly all Americans; the exceptions English.—Still more remarkable is it, that Mr. Paine, our organist *par excellence*, at least when we speak of the great school of Bach, has not once been called upon to play during the last three months or more.—And now for our very brief review.

Mr. Lang, in the two months past, has taken his turn six times. Of Bach, he has played a Prelude and Fugue in C; a sweet and naive *Pastorale* in F; the deep, majestic *Grave* for full organ from the *Fantasie* in G; a Prelude and Fugue in E flat from the *Well-tempered Clavichord* (twice), and the Allegro from a Concerto in G. From Schumann, twice more the Fugue on B, A, C, H.—Mendelssohn: the third Sonata again, and the Allegro of the first Sonata.—Rinck's Flute Concerto, twice.—He has eschewed the French Offertoires, but has dealt largely in transcriptions, to-wit: Overtures to *Dinorah* (twice), *Egmont*, *Freyßilz*, "Midsummer Night's Dream;" also Wedding March and Nocturne from the last; March from "Eli," &c.—The Quartet from *Fidelio*, Beethoven's *Hallelujah*; Dresel's "Slumber Song," and a Danish melody figure among his always graceful and effective arrangements. Of his improvisations, too, we might recall pleasant things, if memory served.

Mrs. Froock has played seven times. Bach: Toccata in F, and a new one, less interesting, running a long way in unison, in C; Fugues, the great one in G minor (twice), the smaller one in the same

key, and one in G major. Mendelssohn; 4th Sonata; 1st do, in F minor, twice; Prelude and Fugue three times. A curious, dry old Fugue in G by Zachan, Handel's master; a fine Adagio in A flat by Fischer; Schellenberg's Fantasia on "Ein feste Burg;" Kullak's *Pastorale*; Rinck's variations on an air by old Corelli (twice); a Battiste *Offertoire*; Variations on a Russian Hymn, and Concert Fantasia in F minor, by Freyer:—thus much of organ music. Her transcriptions have included Handel's chorus: "He led them," &c.; Andante (with var.) from 7th Symphony, and an Adagio, by Haydn; a splendid and exuberant Fantasia (orchestral) by Mozart (three times), and a *Jesu bone pastor* in the lighter style of his masses; a pleasing *Pastorale* (three times) from Beethoven's "Men of Prometheus"; an Allegretto by Schumann; a Franz song and an *Idylle* by Lysberg for the Vox Humana; Overtures to *Oberon* and *Tell*; Wedding March; Beethoven's Turkish March; and the Andantes to his first and fifth Symphonies. Mrs. F. is one of the most earnest, most technically skilled, intelligent, most enterprising in the enriching of her repertoire, and least condescending to claptrap, of all the organists.

Mr. THAYER, six times. Bach: Toccata in D minor, twice; smaller Fugue in G minor, twice; grand Prelude in B minor, truly grand; Trio Sonata in E flat, twice; *La Musette* (new) twice. Handel's *Passacaglia* again (three times over) has been one of the most rewarding of Mr. T.'s explorations. Mendelssohn: 2nd and 3rd Sonatas (twice each); Fantasia in D minor. Schumann: Prelude in C, and Canon in C, from op. 56, for pedal piano (new). An *Offertoire* by Battiste; a *Pastorale* (new) by Kullak. The name of Thayer has appeared more often than any other; his three secular *Offertories* (for Vox Humana, for bassoon, and de Concert) have had another turn each; his Variations on the "American Hymn" also, thrice; a Sonata in F, and a Canzonetta from another; and two quite popular little fancies, which he calls "Reverie of Home" and "Idylle of the Rose." In the shape of transcriptions, we have had from him: slow movements from the 2nd, 5th and 7th Beethoven Symphonies, and a "Marche Religieuse" by Beethoven, which we did not hear and can but guess what work was meant; Overtures to *Semiramide*, *Tell*, *Dame Blanche*, and (Heaven save the mark!) Balfe's "Bohemian Girl"; Wedding March from the *Huguenots*; *Incarnatus* from Mozart's 12th Mass, &c. Mr. T. is as enterprising and as popular as ever; but popularity is a much greater danger to a young artist than the want of it.

Mr. G. E. WHITING (just transplanted from Albany to King's Chapel in this city) has played thrice. Two good Bach fugues, in G minor and E minor; the 1st Sonata by Mendelssohn; Fantasia and Fugue in A flat, by Brosig; Wely's *Offertoire* in G, and a Fantasia by his master, Best, of Liverpool, for organ compositions. Transcribed overtures (*Oberon*, *Preiosa*, *Tell*); the Larghetto from Mozart's Quintet, op. 18 (twice); Andante of Beethoven's 1st Symphony; Minuet from "Samson;" Chorus: "Be not afraid," from *Elijah*; Weber's "Mermaid Song" (on Vox Hum.); part of a Vesper Service by Donizetti, and an air from his *Don Sebastian*, for the rest. Mr. W. has a very clear, firm, ready mastery of the instrument; we have had to miss most of his concerts, and have not yet heard him enough to fully judge of his tone as a musician.

Mr. WILLCOX has played once. Programme: *Credo*, *Et incarnatus* and *Et vitam*, from Haydn's 1st Mass; Andante, Beethoven's 1st Symphony; Offerorte; Battiste; Andante, Wely; Improvisation; *Kyrie*, Haydn; Fugue in D minor, Wely.

The only new addition to the list of organists has been Mr. JAMES PEARCE, Cathedral Organist at Quebec, a well-trained, intelligent, modest, manly young English musician, whose two performances (Dec. 31st and Jan. 1st) made a particularly good impression, so much so that we hope he will repeat

the visit. His clear, firm, easy handling of the Organ, after only a couple of days acquaintance with it; his tasteful and ready selection of stops, through a large range of combinations; his precision of touch, well outlined phrasing, and unwavering tempo, quite surprised us. And there was no nonsense about it. His programmes covered a wide range. That of Saturday: Prelude and Fugue in E flat, by Bach; Schubert's *Ave Maria*, Haydn's motet: *Insana et vanæ cara*; Mendelssohn's 4th Sonata; Barcarole, transcribed from Bennett's 4th piano Concerto; a part-song: "The last night in the year," by young Arthur Sullivan; and a chorus: "Fixed in his everlasting seat," by Handel. On Sunday evening: March from *Athalie*; German Choral, varied by Rinck; *Agnes Dei*, from Mozart's 1st Mass; *Kyrie*, from Haydn's 2nd; Andante (varied), Beethoven; Allegro, by Rinck; Bennett's Barcarole again; Aria, "Battle Prayer," by Himmel; Prelude by E. J. Hopkins (of Temple Church, London), and Chorus: "Sing unto God," Handel.

ORCHESTRAL UNION. The audience and the interest at the Wednesday Afternoon Concerts keeps increasing. The second, last week, offered Stern-dale Bennett's best work, the "Naiads" overture; a Strauss waltz; Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; Schubert's "Serenade" (with solos for 'cello, oboe and cornet) by WULF FRIES, RIBAS and ARRUCKLE; Chopin's *Marcia funebre*, arranged for orchestra, which we should have been curions to hear; a *caprice heroique* by Kontsky, called "The rousing of the Lion," which must have been very terrible.

The third concert was equally interesting, and particularly good in execution. The Overture seemed shy of answering to its name; one printed bill said Rossini's "Siege of Corinth;" another, "Fra Diavolo;" but the first burst of the *tutti* revealed our old friend *Die Felsenmühle*, by Reissiger. The Strauss waltz was a new one, "Carnevals Botschafter" (Carnival messages), quite original, piquant and luscious; the mysteriously solemn introduction (cloud out of which the auroral streamers spring) very clever. Mozart's exquisite Symphony in E flat, with its profoundly beautiful Andante and captivating Minuet and Trio, followed, and held the audience in silent delight. The rendering was good, but might still be refined upon to the last degree of light and shade and fine nervous accent. The Finale to the last act of *Der Freyschütz*, richly and broadly instrumented, was quite effective. The Concert concluded with Schubert's "Elegy of Tears" (arranged), and a Gallop (new) by Somerlatt.

DR. S. P. TUCKERMAN's Concert of Sacred Music, on Sunday evening, Jan. 22, was eminently successful. The programme was largely made up of the same materials as his concerts at St. Paul's church in past years. The pieces were all good, or historically curious; but, short as they were most of them, there were too many (23 numbers in all), and not all so well related to each other as to prevent the impression of a medley, which is always more or less wearisome. For instance, the two organ solos by Mr. WHITING, introduced in the middle of the concert, between the *Miserere* and "The Lord is a man of war," sounded apropos to nothing: the first (Prelude in G, by Mendelssohn) startled by harsh contrast of stops, while the second, the jubilant March finale from the C minor Symphony, had no possible connection with it, or with the tone of the whole concert, as truly set by Dr. Tuckerman's chaste opening voluntary.

The most impressive things of the evening were the Chorals: that from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," that by Bach ("Jesu, king of glory") in four and five parts, and "Ein feste Burg" in unison, with organ accompaniment, at the end of the concert. The Anthem by Mendelssohn, opening with the Choral, "In deep distress I cry to Thee," followed by Soprano solo, sweetly and purely sung by Mrs. GILBERT, and closing with Quartet; the Terzetto for female

voices, two on each part, also by Mendelssohn; the *Benedictus* (Quartet) from Haydn's 15th Mass, were all interesting.

Part II. and the first number of Part III. consisted of curious specimens of ancient church music: from St. Ambrose, Guido Aretinus, Palestrina; an anthem by Dr. Croft (17th century), in which a bass solo was bravely rendered by Mr. WHITNEY; and Allegri's *Miserere*, with responsive choirs, one outside of the Hall, which must have given some faint notice of its peculiar effect in the Pope's chapel.

Bravely sung, too, was the duet from *Israel in Egypt*: "The Lord is a man of war," by the strong bass voices of Mr. POWERS and Mr. WHITNEY. Other capital solos, both in voice, style and feeling, were the *Ave Maria* of Franz, by Mrs. SMITH, soprano, and "O rest in the Lord," by Miss ANNIE L. CARY, contralto. The anthem by Farrant, the *Benedictus* from Weber's Mass in G (Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Shattuck, Mr. —, and Mr. Powers), and Dr. Tuckerman's beautiful Quartet for female voices: "Their sun shall no more go down," were all finely rendered. The Angel Trio from "Elijah" by the three boys from the Church of the Advent, had the charm of fresh, pure, penetrating voices, and of good ensemble, though it was taken too fast, and lacked the soul and feeling of women's voices; there is a crudity, after all, about the best of boy singing, which is less offensive, however, where they are massed in chorus. It pleased the multitude, of course, and had to be repeated.

MR. HERMANN DAUM'S Concert was a "Benefit" indeed. The great assemblage at the Music Hall, last Saturday evening, showed the esteem and sympathy in which the young artist is held. The concert musically was of a high character, for so miscellaneous a programme resulting from the eagerness of so many brother artists to testify their good will. Mr. J. K. PAYNE (his first public appearance for a long time) opened it with a noble organ Prelude in E flat, by Bach, played in a noble manner, and not unappreciated. Other good things and good people followed, more than we now have room to notice.

ITALIAN OPERA.—The season at the Boston Theatre came to an end on Wednesday afternoon, three extra performances (*Faust*, *Norma*, and *Martha*) having been added to the four weeks. Since our last record it has offered nothing new, except a new soprano, Mrs. JENNIE VAN ZANDT, of New York, in *Lucia*, of whom report speaks well. *Ernani* has been given twice in a very spirited, intense, loud style, to the delight of a loud audience; Sig. MACAFERRI, as *Ernani*, made up in energy and gesture what he lacks in sweet or agreeable quality of voice; and all went with him, loud and harsh, in the famous ensembles; in truth it seemed to us not only a "spirited," but a tearing performance; it was the Verdi style of singing run mad. But it is peculiar to Italian Opera audiences, to be carried away by anything that is physically intense and strong; they love whatever is done much, as A. Ward would say, whether it be done well or not. Let the baritone spread his arms, and rush to the footlights, roaring out a long loud note, the basso receiving him in like style, and Oh! how happy the burly "gents" are who haunt the opera lobbies, just as they haunt the door-steps of hotels! how the house comes down! But do not think that we deny all merit in that performance of *Ernani*.

CAROZZI'S *Norma* was superior, chiefly in the intenser tragical parts, such as the denunciatory passages and Trio of the second act. There it rose to tragedy-queen dignity and fire. Her singing of *Casta Diva* lacked fineness, sweetness, and was full of tremolo. MORENSI's *Adalgisa* was excellent; so was MASSIMILIANI's *Pollio*. Altogether we prefer this troupe, as we do most Italian operas of late, in their lighter and more natural pieces, those in which Miss KELLOGG finds her best parts, as *Linda*, *La Figlia*, *Sonnambula*, and above all (as the best success of this time), *Fra Diavolo*. Most of the tragedy of recent Italian opera, like most of the serious plays in the theatres, tries to make physical intensity pass for passion, startling sensation for wholesome quickening of heart and brain, sentimentalism for sentiment, and lacks the *genial* element.

Our New York "Regular" fails us again, and so New York does not report herself; but she has "five new musical journals of her own."

Do not forget the Choral Festival in Music Hall on Tuesday, nor Master COCKER'S Concert on Wednesday, evening. Nor the Quintette Club on the 14th.

A MUSICAL CONSERVATOIRE IN RHODE ISLAND.—We find the following in the Providence *Daily Post*, under the head of a "Proposal for a Musical Conservatory at Elmwood."

Prof. EREN TOURJEE, the accomplished head of the Musical Institute, connected with the Providence Conference Seminary at East Greenwich, proposes the establishment of a musical college or conservatory at Elmwood. His plan is the formation of an association or corporation with a capital of \$100,000, and the purchase of a section of land at Elmwood, with the erection thereon of suitable buildings, to be furnished with the necessary furniture and instruments, said buildings and movable property to be leased to him for a term of years, at a rent equivalent to eight per cent. per annum on the amount expended.

Mr. Tourjee brings to the enterprise, as his contribution towards his carrying out the plan, an experience of fifteen years as a successful teacher, an extensive acquaintance with the musical men of the country, and the benefits derived from a tour in Europe, embracing visits to the principal cities and towns, and an investigation into the different methods of instruction pursued in all the principal conservatories and musical schools. This plan has the warm sympathy and approval of our most eminent clergymen, musical men and public educators."

HARTFORD, CONN. Here is a record of musical performances in Hartford and vicinity during the month of January.—The Meriden Musical Association, numbering one hundred voices, gave a fine performance of Haydn's "Creation," under the direction of Mr. J. G. Barnett, of Hartford, with Mr. C. J. Preston, Mr. Sumner Smith and Mr. Geo. E. Aiken for the solos.

A concert by the singers of Hartford, for the benefit of the poor. Haydn's 3d Mass, Beethoven's 5th Symphony, and "William Tell" Overture, with two classical songs, resulted in a crowded house, and \$600 in the poor box.

A Chamber Concert in the Seminary, at which were performed Spohr's Nonet, Schumann's Octet and other classical gems. In West Hartford, an exhibition of a new and beautiful organ, built by Johnson of Westfield; several of the best of the Hartford singers had the benefit of a fine sleigh ride and sumptuous supper, prepared for them by the good people of West Hartford; in return, they paid them by some delightful notes, manufactured by Mendelssohn, Spohr, Handel, Himmel, Rossini, J. G. Barnett and others. Mr. Barnett presided at the organ, and his long experience as a musician and organist enabled him to bring out all that was grand and beautiful in the instrument.

"A Grand Promenade Concert and Donation Supper, for the purpose of aiding in the establishing of a Soldiers' Home for disabled and invalid soldiers, comes off Friday night; it will be a great success."

The Beethoven Society, under the direction of Mr. J. G. Barnett, will also perform the "Creation" for the same special object in the course of a few weeks.

Another new \$2000 organ will be exhibited by Mr. J. G. Barnett at West Winsted, on Friday evening. The organ is built by Johnson of Westfield, and is said to be a very perfect instrument. A quintet of the best voices of Hartford, will perform some fine selections from the "Creation," "Messiah," "Fall of Babylon," and other classical works.

In Rockville, also, there is a very fine organ now being put up by the above named builder.

The instrumental portion of all the above named concerts came, with two exceptions, from Boston, and consisted of the Quintet Club, a part of the Germania Band and others. No performance is now satisfactory unless the above named skilful and long tried musicians form a part of the programme.

There have also been Masonic and Burns Festivals, at which music has been a great and interesting feature of the entertainment."

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE MUSICAL CONVENTION.—Such is the title of the gathering which took place at Concord in the first week of January. One who "assisted" sends us the following account:

This Convention held its first session last year, in response to a call from Messrs. J. H. Morey and B. B. Davis, teachers of music, of Concord, for the singers in different parts of the State to meet together for one week, for the purpose of mutual improvement. Mr. L. O. Emerson was engaged as conductor, and the experiment was successful beyond the most sanguine expectations, 750 singers being present.

The session of this year was organized Monday, Jan. 2, in Eagle Hall, a large number of singers being present. Mr. L. O. Emerson was again conductor.

On Tuesday the numbers rapidly increased until Eagle Hall was nearly filled with singers, and by Wednesday the number had reached one thousand—the largest gathering of singers ever convened in New England, outside of Boston.

A part of each day was occupied in the practice of church music from the "Harp of Judah;" an hour for the practice of songs, quartets, piano-forte solos, &c.; an hour for remarks from different members of the convention on musical topics; and the remainder of the time in the practice of choruses from the *Messiah*, *Creation* and *Elijah*.

Mr. Emerson conducted the various exercises with evident satisfaction to the singers, and much credit to himself. He is especially happy in his manner of rendering church music, much attention being given to the sentiment of the words. We were somewhat surprised to hear so many good voices, and find so many good leaders in such a miscellaneous crowd. The oratorio choruses were taken up with as much readiness as our Boston chorus societies would take music with which they were not fully acquainted. Public concerts were given on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings. Among those taking prominent parts we remember the names of Miss Anna Granger, of New York (formerly of Boston), Mrs. Wadeleigh, Miss Theresa Davis, Messrs. W. Perkins and H. E. Holt, of Boston; Miss Jenny M. Keyes, of Hartland, Vt.; Mr. E. P. Phillips, of St. Albans, Vt.; Mr. James Whitney, of St. Johnsbury, Vt.; and Mr. A. N. Whitney, of Derby Line, Vt. Among those from New Hampshire, whom we recollect as worthy of mention, are Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard, the talented pianist, of Holderness; Miss Kate Wood, of Concord; Miss White, of New London; Mr. C. C. Gibson, an excellent violinist, of Herkimer; and the "Arion Glee Club," of Nashua, consisting of Messrs. C. N. Merrill, N. O. Prescott, A. B. Dodge, and V. B. Watson.

On Thursday evening a series of resolutions, highly complimentary to the conductor and the managers of the convention, and to the citizens of Concord, were unanimously adopted. On Friday morning a very pleasant episode occurred. Mr. Emerson dropped his baton, and Mr. J. H. Morey, who was presiding at one of Chickering's Grands, asked Mrs. Shepard, who was sitting on the other end of the stage at another Chickering Grand, to come forward, as he wished to speak to her. She did so, entirely unconscious of what was about to occur, when Mr. Morey, in behalf of the convention, presented her with a handsome solid silver tea catar, as a slight token of their appreciation of her valuable services as pianist. This was well merited, as Mrs. S. had been at her post early and late, and exhibited an amount of skill, energy and strength which not many ladies possess. Many of your Boston readers remember the performances of this lady—Miss Martha Dana—at the Temple (about two years since, if we recollect rightly).

The closing concert, Friday evening, passed off to the satisfaction of all, and the convention adjourned to meet again the first week in Jan. 1866. Saturday morning there was an informal meeting at Eagle Hall, to exchange congratulations, say "good bye," and express the hope that all may meet again next year. Much praise is due to Messrs. Morey, Davis, Jackman and others for the successful management of the enterprise, and to the citizens of Concord for their hospitality. An announcement was made in our daily papers that the convention would make an excursion to Boston and give a concert in the Music Hall. It is to be regretted that they did not do so, as they would have been sure of a full house. As it was, five or six hundred people sought admittance to the hall at the appointed hour, although notice had been given of its postponement. It is due to the managers of the convention to say that no blame can attach to them, as the arrangements were made in good faith; but the members voted, at a late hour, that they thought it best to remain and continue the regular exercises.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

On guard to-night, or The Soldier's dream. Song with Chorus. W. O. Fiske. 30

This is one of a series of "Songs of Home" by the same author. The words were written by one of our soldiers, who was killed in the battle of the wilderness, and are very good.

Won't you tell me why, Robin? Song. Claribel. 30

A very pretty and plaintive song, and is recommended, especially, to any young lady who is having a "smiff" with her lover. Sing it. It is just the thing to bring him round!

A welcome home to thee, my boy! Song.

J. Harrison. 30

A hearty home welcome to the returned son and brother, who left, a boy, and returns, "a stately man." The chorus may be added, or not, at pleasure.

At last I've found some one to love me. Song with Chorus. C. Blamphain. 30

A pleasing ballad with a good sentiment.

Jolly old Pedagogue. Song.

E. Bruce. 30

Mr. Bruce here sets to music the capital poem of the old schoolmaster, who was so fond of looking on the bright side of things, and who, a poor man, was exceeding rich in love and cheerfulness. It will do you good to sing the song.

Pompey Jones. Song and dance. F. Wilder. 30

A lively "colored" song with a merry dance at the end.

Instrumental.

Carnaval's Botschaft Waltzes. Strauss. 60

A set of brilliant waltzes, in Strauss' well-known style.

Love me dearest, (A te, O cara). Operatic tit-bit, No. 39, from I Puritani. C. Grobe. 40

Good piece for learners, and contains a favorite melody.

De quella pira. My pulse with anger. Op. tit-bit, No. 46. From Il Trovatore. C. Grobe. 40

A companion to the above. Skilfully arranged by Grobe.

Fantasi brillante. "Masked Ball." Leybach. 1.00

A most admirable and showy piano piece.

Croquet Galop. With colored title. Coote. 75

The fascinating game of Croquet deserves surely, music in its praise; and the composer has done the best he could, and produced a very sparkling, pretty, and easy piece, which is adorned with a fine illustration of the game.

La Muscovite Mazurka. Piano and Violin. Social pastime, No. 6. Sep. Winner. 30

Light and pretty.

Books.

CHORAL CLASSICS. A collection of Cantatas and Choruses, with Solos.

"Many times, choirs and musical societies are 'hungry' for new music, and yet they do not wish to buy expensive collections to supply the want. These little books contain nothing but good music. One has Mendelssohn's "Lauda Sion," another Mozart's "Ave Verum," others, "Hymn of Praise," "Hear my prayer," "Praise of Friendship," "The Lord is my Shepherd," "Chorus of Pilgrims," from "Tan nha user," "Armida," "Miriam's Song" by Schubert, "The Morning" and "The Calm at Sea." Cost from 30 to 50 cts each, only, and any choir can afford that.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

